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Arrowheads

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Arrowheads

There were arrowheads in the farmer's field across the way
buried in the ploughed earth.
The furrows yielded none to me.

I hunted in the hot sun,
crossed the newly tarred road bursting
black bubbles with my toes.

My pockets were empty of prizes,
my mind on divination,
the slow breeze marigold sweet.

Thin clouds bled
white rivulets on a blue bed.
Crickets dogged me.
The day held electric songs like
the sound of power wires
touched by the impulse
to confess.

I was woven into the attitude,
The field grown larger and
living, searching for history
in a neighbour's field,
I found what
I found.

Andre Narbonne